

*The Tragidie*

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.

*Buc.* About three or foure a clocke looke to heare  
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.

*Glo.* Now will I in to take some priuie order *(Ex. Buc.)*  
To draw the Brates of *Clarence*, out of fight,  
And to giue notice that no manner of person  
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes.

*Enter a Seriuener with a paper in his hand.*

This is the indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,  
Which in a set hand fairely is ingross'd,  
That it may be this day red ouer in Pauls:  
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,  
Eleuen houres I spent to writ it ouer,  
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,  
The president was full as long a doeing,  
And yet within these fiue houres liu'd Lord *Hastings*  
Vntainted, vnexamin'd: free at liberty:  
Here's a good world the while, Why who's so grosse  
That sees not this palpable deuice?

Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?  
Bad is the world and all will come to nought,  
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought: *Exit.*

*Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.*

*Glo.* How now my Lord what sayes the Citizens?

*Buc.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The Citizens are mumme and speake not a word.

*Glo.* Toucht you the bastardy of *Edwards* Children?

*Buc.* I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,  
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,  
As being got your father then in *France*:

Withall I did inferre your lineaments,  
Being the right Idea of your father:

Both in forme and noblenesse of minde:

Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:

Your Discipline in warre, wisdom in peace:

Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:

Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose

Vntouch't or sleightly handled in discourse:

And when my oratory grew to end,

*of Richard the Third.*

I bad them that loues their Countries good,  
Cry God saue *Richard* Englands royall King.

*Glo.* A, and did they so?

*Buc.* No so God helpe me,  
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,  
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them:

And askt the Maior what meanes this wilful silence?

His answer was the people were not wont

To be spooke too, but by the Recorder.

Then he was wrde to tell my tale againe:

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke infer'd:

But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:

When he had done, some followers of mine owne

At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,

And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King *Richard*.

Thankes noble Citizens and friends quoth I,

This generall applause and louing shoute,

Argues your wisdom and your loue to *Richard*:

And so brake off and came away.

*Glo.* what tonguelesse blockes were they, would they

*Buc.* No by my troth my Lord, *(spea*

*Glo.* Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come

*Buc.* The Mayor is heere: and intend some feare,

Be not spoken withall, but with mighty sute:

And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,

And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,

For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:

Be not easie wonne to our request:

Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

*Glo.* Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.

*Buc.* you shall see what I can do, get you vp to the leads.

Now my Lord Maior, you dance attendance heere,

I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*

Here comes his seruant: how now *Catesby*, what sayes he

*Car.* My Lord he doth intreat your grace

To visit him to morrow, or next day:

